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[image]

Narrator's POV

"Get up faggot"

America hesitantly opened his eyes to see he was in Mexico's bed. His eyes quickly shifted to Mexico towering above the bed. (In this story Mexico is taller)

He quickly sat up to face Mexico, who had an annoyed look on his face

"S-sorry" America said standing up

"I've had my fun.... now get out of my house" Mexico said gritting his teeth. America said nothing else, grabbed his clothes and left his room. While walking down the stairs, he soon realized he was wearing nothing other than boxers.

He quickly but on his shirt and slipped on his pants and glasses while heading out the door. America was used to this because over time they had become enemies, friends, friends with benefits, and then enemies again, until he Mexico got all touchy with Texas, and made it clear that America was merely a toy, his toy; play with a little and instantly get bored.

America's POV

Tears started to run down my cheeks as I walked out of the house and outside and stared at the blue-stained sky.

Why did I do it again?

As I walked back down to my house I started to overlook what happened last night remembering what happened that ended up

with me sleeping with Mexico....again

Flashback

Narrator's POV

America rang the doorbell to Mexico's houses, for they were having a party for America celebrating the Fourth of July. America was wearing a dress with PINK (He's trans) printed on it, he also wore converse shoes, and lastly his sunglasses. The door opened letting loose the blaring music and the slight smell of alcohol.

"!Hola Amigo, Happy Independence Day to you!" Spain said waving at the dumbfounded America. He walked in feeling the light atmosphere surrounding the party

Everyone stoped what they where doing to say 'Hi' to America.... Except for Mexico. America didn't mind though. America was playing beer pong with Nigeria until HE walks up to America, tapping his shoulder.

"Oh hey-"

"America" Mexico said with a lustful tone in his voice

"Mexico" America said tightly

Mexico was busy inspecting America's body, looking at how tight the dress was, and how it brought out his curves.

Mexico dragged America to his room

"Where are we-"

It soon hit America

Mexico push him against a wall

"Just be quiet, and I'll be careful~"

End of Flashback

America's POV

Tears started dripping down my cheeks faster as I realized I was alredy at my apartment

Ok my first story so I'm sorry if it's bad OwO

424 words

2 □

America hesitantly stepped into his apartment, quickly wiping his tear-filled eyes when he realized his roommate was there.

"America"

America's POV

I put on my best fake smile.

"Hey, Russia how ya doin'?"

He ignored my question and stared straight at me.

"Where were you?" Russia says blankly

"Um a-at Japan's h-house" I lied

I knew I hated lying, but Mexico told me what would happen if I did.

I saw Russia's face slightly soften, then quickly going back to emotionless.

He exited the hallway and went back to his room.

Russia and I had been roommates for quite a while, we promised that we would move out but Russia's job didn't get him enough money to, and I was worried what Mexico would do to me if I did.

I'd like to think that it was something more...

Maybe a spark...

But the truth is that there probably isn't...

Russia's POV

I went back to my room still thinking about America.

Oof just wanted to get this over with

-Cagboi

So Sorry...

As you can see, I haven't really been updating.

I'll post this week probably, I promise. It's just school and stuff.

Also sorry if my story offends you...

Sorry

-Cagboi

Thanks So Much Guys!!

100+ views??!?!

[image]

Thank you all so much for the support!!

I'll probs be makin' another chapter tomorrow so.... yay

Go follow @DarkHumorIsBest ...please

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Russia's POV

I went to my room still thinking about America

Why can't I stop thinking about him...it feels as though something with him is...off, it's like somebody is doing something to him, but who...

Why do even care...

I don't like him..do I

My thoughts were interupted when America barged in my room.

"Yo Russia, you wanna go with me to Germany's house?"

"Mmm..."

"Please?"

"Fine"

Sorry, this is so short, school sucks man.

(65 Words)

4

Russia's POV

I scrambled to my room looking for the best outfit I could wear going to Germany's, I wanted something not to formal, but I don't want to look like I just woke up.

Germany was one of my good friends, he was always there for me and had a good sense of humor.

For some reason though, whenever both of us hung out with Poland, he'd stutter all the time and acted on edge. (Y E S there will be Germany x Poland)

I realized that I was done already, wearing a white shirt with thin, blue strips.

"America you done!?" I practically yelled.

"Almost!!" he yelled back

I walked down towards the door, waiting for America to be finished.

Lucky for me, he was already done.

"Ready to go?" He said.

"Mmhm.." I hummed not focusing on what he was saying.

Instead my eyes traced down to his neck.

I saw on the side of his neck, there was a large bruise resembling a

hickey on his neck.

Where'd he get that from

I was going to say something but pushed it back because I wanted to confront him when we came back.

I grabbed the keys and swung open the door with America not to far behind.

I got in the driver's seat and waited for America to get in, and started the car.....

(216 Words)

Yay I posted!!

-cagboi

5

Russia's POV

As soon an I started driving, I couldn't help but notice America staring at me.

"Um... America?"

"Yeah..?"

"Um could you like stop staring at me?"

"I don't know, could I?" America snickered

Sometimes I wonder how I manage to share a apartment with him

I'M SOrrY oK, I KNoW ItS ShORt

-cagboi

6

America's POV

The few minuets of awkwardness driving to Germany's was insufferable.

I constantly prayed to myself that we'd get there, because the atmosphere was so thick.

I looked over at Russia.

His surprisingly warm face sent chills down my spine

As if his prayer had been answered he heard Russia mumble,

"We're here.."

I bolted out the car door and ran straight up to his door.

Russia gave me a strange face, but I initially ignored him, I was going to go crazy if I stayed in that car any longer.

I rang the door bell and waited silently for an answer...

I saw Germany swing the door open with Poland clinged to his side.

"Guten Tag Amerika, Come in!"

I updated yay

Guten Tag = Good Day

-cagboi

Y E S

[image]

[image]

I have 666 FrEakIng views.

Thank Y'all so much.

I never actually expected to get here

So I'ma do something special

And YOU get to vote

Do y'all want...

1. A drawing

2. A *special* oneshot(fluff, smut, etc.)

3. Other...(More about me -_-)

If no one votes... I'ma be real sad

- cagboi

Halloween Special

I decided to put the 666 views special and the Halloween Special I was going to do together, ALSO 3rd Person POV for first part.... maybe.

America and Russia were spending the night watching movies for Halloween.

They were both tucked under their bed covers.

They had both decided that they would watch *US* since Russia knew America hated horror movies.

Russia's POV

"America..." I whispered.

"W-what do you want R-russia" America whimpered.

"Ya scared yet" I yawned, becoming tired.

"W-wha!?!, N-no way..." He shouted

"Ha you wuss..."

"Shut up" He blushed

What a scaredy cat...

An adorable scaredy cat

"Ame.."

America kept his eyes glued to the screen, ignoring what I said.

We continued to watch in silence until my eyes became heavy, slowly succumbing to sleep.

America's POV

I soon heard Russia begin to snore.

Then he leaned on me.

"Ughh" I groaned, "Russia get off..."

Russia ignored and gripped my arm, resting on me

I felt my cheeks burn a rosy red.

"Fine, but only because I'm nice..."

I laid on the bed, Russia attached to my arm.

God I love him...

I felt drowsy and closed my eyes

I soon drifted into a warm fuzzy dreamless sleep..

FGUIHIHIUH

FINALLY

IM SO SORRY

-cagboi

Art Book

Do you like crappy drawings?

Do you enjoy cringe?

Then go check out my Art Book

I won't update this book for a little but I will there

-cagboi

Issues...

So, the whole reason I haven't been updating is because wattpad isn't working on my computer anymore

I'll try and fix the problem then update, but until then I won't be able to do anything.

-cagboi

I'm back!

Hey guys!

I'm really sorry to anyone I kept waiting. Writer's block sucks pp

Anyways first off, I will not discontinuing this book

Secondly, I will be updating considerably less but longer chapters

Lastly, I've read all the comments and have taken them into mind, so hopefully my writing seems better.

So, expect a update this month, or early next month

Social distance and stay safe!

-cagboi

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America's POV

"Guten Tag Amerika, Come in!"

I hesitantly walked in, waiting for Russia to catch up and get out of his car.

"Hey Germany, you too Poland"

As I stepped inside there house and adjusted from the brightness of outside, I noticed that both Germany and Poland seemed quite flushed. It's almost like they had been doing something beforehand...

I quickly brushed it off as we all sat in their living room.

The room was quite organized and had a nice orange aesthetic. Nothing like me and Russia's apartment.

I briefly chuckled as I remembered the time Russia fumed because I left my boxers in the bathroom

Poland must have caught on to this because he asked "Um, so I assume you and Russia have been getting along fine?"

"Yes." "Not so much.."

= = = =

"It's ginger chamomile, eases the nerves" Germany said softly "Now change of subject, how's the job going for you Russia?"

"Ok, I guess..." Russia said, still reeling from the conversation.

"And America, how's your relationship with Mexico"

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